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I. F. Stone's Weekly

VOL. VI, NO. 36 SEPTEMBER 15, 1958 WASHINGTON, D. C. 15 CENTS

What Washington, Moscow and Peking Have In Fraternal Common

Why Mankind's Fate May Hang on A Few Distant Isles

At this tense moment, we'd like to point out some common features of the international landscape. No one has asked the American people whether they want to die for Quemoy and Matsu. But neither has anyone asked the Chinese people. Or the Russian people.

Not a single correspondent in Taiwan, on the verge of events which could blow all Formosa off the map, has had the temerity to button-hole a passerby in the streets of Taipeh and ask him, "Do you want to risk your life and family on this quarrel over the offshore islands?" We feel sure that no one has asked the Formosans that question because the answer would never get by Chiang Kai-shek's censors (or Peking's either). As for the folk who live by fishing and farming on the rocky islets of the Quemoy and Matsu chains, can anyone doubt that they would prefer neither to be defended nor liberated but just left alone?

Dulles Not The Only Brinksman

We yield to no one in dislike of Mr. Dulles. But he is not the only one practicing brinksmanship over the distant Formosa straits. We believe the U. S. has no business being in Quemoy, in Matsu *or* in Formosa. But are these islands worth the risk of a world war to anyone, American, Russian or Chinese? We do not believe that in all the years since Japan annexed Formosa in 1895 a single Chinese has lost a night's sleeping worrying about it.

All that men have built up may be thrown suddenly into the furnace of war, here the rich accumulations of capitalism, there the recent triumphs of socialism, and literally nobody quite knows what may set the conflict off. Neither side is sure whether the other is just bluffing. Neither side knows exactly where the other will decide that this is It. The few men who sit at the controls in Washington, Moscow and Peking are as much in the dark as the rest of us. None is certain that their hand may not be forced by some misunderstanding, some failure of command or some impulse of fanaticism over the distant Formosan straits.

Still That Matter of Prestige

Everybody is afraid to back down. Their fear of their own thermonuclear weapons does not seem as great as their fear of losing face, or prestige, and seeming to be a paper tiger. The same motives govern small boys in a schoolyard quarrel. Both sides claim to be the standard bearers of a Higher Ethic, but both share a common belief. This is the right to kill. One side thinks it can usher in the millenium by killing enough Communists; the other side thinks it can usher in the millenium by killing enough capitalists. The few decision makers on either side think they have a right to throw into jail any poor sucker who protests that a chance to go on and pay off the second mortgage on his home is millenium enough for him. On both sides, as with the eating of strawberries comes the revolution, you've *got* to push over the brink on signal and make for the millenium. In the free countries, as in the dictatorships, the decisions are being made by a few. You can elect your dog-catcher, but you can't vote on the question of life or death.

If You Get Scalped, It's Your Own Fault

"Washington, Sept. 7 (UPI)—Leo Hoegh, director of the Office of Defense and Civilian Mobilization said today that every American should build a shelter against radioactive fallout just as the pioneers built defenses against the Indians.

"It was not the job of the Federal government to build a shelter for everybody, he declared, but rather to provide the planning and direction.

"'The people must recognize they have a responsibility,' he added."

—New York Times, Sept. 8.

This seems to us an eminently fair division of labor between government and citizen. They provide the war. We provide the fall-out shelters.

Other Nations Not Consulted

One more common feature deserves to be noted. War between the giants over the Formosa straits is no private barroom brawl. The mere prospect pushes up the price of bread for millions everywhere. Should war come, other nations will be drawn in. The radioactive clouds will shed their silent death on participant and neutral alike. But neither side is telephoning India or Indonesia or France or Germany or Argentina or Poland to ask their permission before taking the plunge.

The evil is not any of the isms you will hear beaten out on the tom-toms, not capitalism, or communism, or their respective brands of imperialism, but a world of national States recognizing no law higher than their own will, as determined by a few men, out of wisdom or whim.

It is on this world anarchy, and on the murderous moral arrogance of the leadership on both sides, not just on Quemoy and Matsu, that attention must be focussed when this crisis passes. Otherwise there will always be some offshore island which may determine the fate of mankind.

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The Background Which Devalues Those Headlines About "Hints" and "Plans"

Is Mr. Dulles Ready and Willing for Peaceful Negotiations?

As reflected in the headlines, the big news which came out of Secretary Dulles's press conference on September 9 was a supposed hint that he had some kind of specific peace plan in mind for negotiation with the Chinese Communists. The *Washington Star* hit the streets within an hour with an 8-column page one line, "US Hints Concessions for Peace" while the *Washington Post* next morning said "Dulles Hints Concessions on Formosa" and the *New York Times*, "Dulles Hints U. S. Has Specific Plan for China Parley." This would be good news if true. I don't believe it is.

If Mr. Dulles had any specific plan for peaceful negotiation it is difficult to believe that he—who ordinarily runs the State Department out of a do-it-yourself-kit—would leave so important a matter to a minor Ambassador in Warsaw. The prospect of specific negotiations for peace would sweeten our relations with our allies. Mr. Dulles would have let drop more than a hint. At the very least he would have arranged for a planted question at press conference on which to drop a hint. This was not the case last Tuesday. I know because I asked the questions which started this, and I believe the supposed "hints" were merely an improvisation to deal with an embarrassing line of inquiry.

There Must Be Alternatives to Force

The line of inquiry is, or should be, obvious. How can we ask the Chinese to renounce force for the achievement of their claims on the offshore islands and Formosa, if we do not at the same time offer them a peaceful way to negotiate these matters? "Mr. Secretary, one urgent question," the writer asked. "If the Red Chinese renounce the use of force, are you prepared to negotiate the future of the offshore islands, that is Quemoy and Matsu?" His answer was, "Well, the United States is not in a position to negotiate the future of property which it does not own and which belongs to another and friendly government. All I can say is that if there was an effective, dependable renunciation of force, that it would be certainly a very constructive new element in the situation which might have future consequences."

When the writer asked what then could be negotiated, Mr. Dulles replied that there was "quite a lot to negotiate" but he didn't think it desirable to show his hand. Another reporter then said, "You imply that we have a number of papers in our bag which you don't want to disclose in advance." Were they matters of substance? The reply gave no hint of anything new. "The matters I am talking about," Mr. Dulles said, "are matters which relate to the use of force or the disuse of force in the Taiwan strait area." But he thought this might be dealt with "in a more specific way rather than in abstract generalities."

Not Much Of A Hint

A third reporter then asked whether, if the Communists renounced force, we would recommend to the Chinese Nationalists that they evacuate Quemoy and Matsu? Mr. Dulles replied that he did not want to go any further than to say that "if there were a meaningful renunciation of force in the Taiwan strait area, that would alter the situation in a great many respects and probably have consequences. But I don't want to attempt to say precisely what these consequences would be because they involve the rights and interests of an ally." Only here, on the fourth question in this series, was there any kind of hint. It wasn't much.

A test of Mr. Dulles's sincerity may be provided by his conduct at Newport, after seeing the President on September 4. The official statement as authorized by the President ended with a clear hint and invitation to the Communists for renewed negotiations. Paragraph 8 said the renunciation of force by Peking "would not require it to abandon its claims, ill-founded though we may deem them to be." This helped open the door to Chou's offer on September 6 to resume the ambassadorial talks.

How Dulles Distorted Ike's Views

But when Mr. Dulles left the President and met with the press at Newport, he chose on an off-the-record basis to emphasize and indeed to exaggerate the extent to which the President had made up his mind to fight for Quemoy and Matsu. Mr. Eisenhower's statement looked toward peace; Mr. Dulles—he admitted with a painful grimance at press conference that it *was* he—chose the mantle of "a high official" to turn the stress the other way, toward war. He took the "ifs" and "buts" out of the words authorized by the President and did not draw attention to the peace feelers.

Mr. Dulles's conduct at Newport was the conduct of a man who, unlike his chief, wants a showdown and was using the sneaky cloak of an off-the-record briefing to distort what his chief had actually authorized. Apparently the Joint Chiefs of Staff are with Dulles in this. Their action in recklessly and arrogantly authorizing a convey to Quemoy when the Reds had stopped their shelling in expectation of talks was a provocation which should not be overlooked. This is not the conduct of men anxious for negotiation.

Former Secretary of State Acheson Speaks Out Against the Drift to War

Former Secretary of State Dean Acheson performed a courageous public service with his admirably trenchant statement of September 6 criticizing our drift to war with China. Not the least of his contributions was in naming Mr. Dulles as the "high official" who, at Newport, (as Joseph Alsop wrote approvingly on September 8) "closed the loopholes and annulled the escape clauses" in the statement authorized by the President. The stultifying rules which bind the press would have inhibited reporters from asking Mr. Dulles publicly whether (as they already knew but could not print) he was that "high official" if Mr. Acheson had not said so flatly in his statement.

Mr. Acheson is the first and only Democrat of first rate stature except for Senator Morse to speak out boldly on the Far East crisis, and nothing the Senator has said equals the bitingly succinct way our former Secretary of State took that policy apart. In this, for the first time in years, Mr. Acheson took a position directly opposite that of Mr. Truman, who is as belligerently ready as Mr. Dulles for a showdown. Peace groups should study the Acheson text in the New York Times of Sept. 7 and use it as ammunition for a saner foreign policy.

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The Louisville Story Told With the Depth and Compassion of A First Rate Novel

To Understand the Integration Crisis Read Anne Braden's "The Wall Between"

Anne Braden grew up in the South on the right side of the tracks. She came, as they say in the South, of a good family. Very early she began to feel there was something wrong in the relations between the races. Her family was always kind to the Negro family who worked for them. "But something happened to me." Mrs. Braden writes in her book, The Wall Between (*Monthly Review Press, 66 Barrow St., New York 14, $5*), "each time I looked at the Negro girl who always inherited my clothes. . . . She would sit in a straight chair in our kitchen waiting for her mother. . . . She would sit there looking uncomfortable, my old faded dress binding her at the waist and throat. And some way I knew that this was not what Jesus meant when he said to clothe the naked."

From Priesthood to Police Reporter

Anne became a newspaperwoman and married a fellow reporter, Carl, who came most decidedly from the *other* side of the tracks. His family was Catholic, the father an agnostic and socialist who lost his job in the 1922 railway shopmen's strike. The family had known poverty ever since. Carl, at the age of 13, went into a pro-seminary to prepare for the priesthood but at 16 decided it was not for him. He became a newspaperman in Louisville, Kentucky. "A police reporter," he once told his wife, "has to become one of three things—a drunk, a cynic, or a reformer." Carl chose the third course, and it led him in 1954 to agree when a Negro veteran, Andrew Wade, asked the Bradens to buy a house for him in a new white neighborhood in Louisville, Kentucky. The house was dynamited, and the State authorities, instead of prosecuting the dynamiters, indicted the Bradens and five other residents of Louisville for sedition. Braden, first to be tried, was sent to jail for 15 years, and saved only by the miracle of the Supreme Court's Steve Nelson decision.

Anne Braden has told the whole story in her book, *The Wall Between,* and told it with the depth and objectivity of a first rate novel. All that is happening elsewhere in the integration crisis is lit up for us by this story of what that attack on housing segregation did in and to liberal Louisville. Mrs. Braden writes with compassion for the prisons in which men seal themselves up. She sees the "paralyzed liberals" of Louisville, like its cross-burners, as "trapped men." She even tried, in one of the most memorable episodes of the book, to understand her fellow Southerner, the prosecutor, Scott Hamilton, who was trying his best to send her and her husband to prison on trumped up charges he himself had come to believe. "If circumstances," she asked herself, "somewhere in the past of both our lives had been different, would I perhaps have been on his side of this battle or he on mine?" This was the same young woman who could firmly refuse to answer questions about the books she read and the organizations to which she belonged. "I think we have enough McCarthys in this country," she said defiantly when taken before a Judge, "without the Grand Jury turning into one."

The Bradens walked through the valley of the shadow of the witch hunt. An FBI informer perjured herself to call Braden a Communist; he denied it under oath. The House Un-American Committee sent down agents to frighten Andrew Wade, the Negro they had risked so much to help, and got him to say things one only says about a man and a woman one does not trust. The transcript of what Wade said in a moment of weakness gave Anne Braden the most terrible moment of the whole experience, one in which she felt "that the things we had been working for—a world without segregation, a world of understanding and brotherhood—had turned to dust in my hand." But the moment passed. Both Wade and the Bradens recovered from it. Her book is a worthy record of a great experience, the warming story of a heroic couple's abiding faith.

The Fear That Puts Men in Mobs

"'But why did it have to be my house? Why did it have to be me?' Rone [the real estate man from whom the Bradens bought a house in a white neighborhood for the Negro, Andrew Wade] asked almost plaintively. 'Everybody out here is blaming me for it.'

"Everybody out here is blaming me. . . . I saw now that Rone had had to oppose the Wades' occupancy of the house, he had had to organize the crowd to come to our house, in order to prove to his friends and neighbors that he was not a part of this terrifying thing that had impinged upon all their lives, not responsible for it. And each man who joined the motorcade to our house that night had undoubtedly had to come along in order to prove, each man to his neighbor, that he was opposed to this new thing, that he was a part of the old safe world. . . .

"How much so called prejudice is maintained from generation to generation because every man must prove to his neighbor that he thinks as he thinks his neighbor thinks?" *—Anne Braden: The Wall Between.*

"White Humanity Has Not Earned the Trust of the Black Man"

"The Negro people in the South today, most of them, feel that they are standing alone at this hour in history. I feel that they are wrong. I do not think that they are standing alone. I feel—I know—that the South has many white people who will go with them to the task of breaking down the wall, wherever that course leads. But the crucial thing, the horrifying thing, is that most Negroes do not know it. They at best are not sure of it.

"It is a situation we inflicted upon ourselves when we built the wall—or when our ancestors built it; and never has it proved so true that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the third and fourth generations. We put a whole race of people away from us and behind a wall; no white man should be shocked if these people do not now accept at face value his statements about his desire ultimately to crumble the wall; he should not be outraged if the Negro people do not accept his counsel of an approach of moderation and gradualism as the wisest way. White humanity has not earned the trust of the black man.

"I think that trust can be established across the wall. Not to believe this is to deny every possibility of brotherhood among men. But it is white men who built the wall, and it is they who must take the initiative if the trust is to be established." *—Anne Braden: The Wall Between.*

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The President of the Republic Will Become An Uncrowned King

France's New Constitution As Anachronistic As De Gaulle

Article 89 of the new Constitution on which France will vote September 28 says "the Republican form of government is not subject to revision." There will be little republicanism left to revise if de Gaulle's Constitution is adopted.

This Constitution is as anachronistic as de Gaulle; it belongs to the days of constitutional monarchy, when kings and kaisers were much more than figureheads. Except for the fact that the President must be reelected every seven years (there is no bar on the number of terms he may serve), and cannot pass the office on to his heirs, the head of the Republic will be an uncrowned king, combining considerable judicial and legislative power with his executive functions. Two centuries after Montesquieu found the secret of non-despotic government in separation of powers, France will be reuniting them again in one man's hands.

Laws by Decree

The President of the Republic will preside over the highest council of the judiciary. He will name the President and three of the nine members of a new Constitutional Council empowered (like our Supreme Court) to determine which laws are constitutional. The President of the Republic as head of the government may also promulgate a wide range of laws by decree.

The President, may under Article 16 establish a temporary dictatorship when he feels that "the institutions of the Republic, the independence of the nation, the integrity of its territory or the execution of its international commitments are threatened." He need consult only with his Premier and his Constitutional Council before taking such a step.

Temporary But Indefinite Dictatorship

There is no restriction on the length of time he may govern as dictator except the vague provision that such emergency measures "must be inspired by the desire to assure the constitutional public powers, in the shortest time, the means of accomplishing their mission." Cincinnatus need not go back to his plow until he is good and ready.

Only the National Assembly, which has limited powers of legislation, will be the product of direct elections. The President will be chosen indirectly by an electoral college much like ours was intended to be but never became. The French Senate, like ours originally, will be elected by indirect suffrage. Though Article 2 uses Lincoln's words what de Gaulle's experts have fashioned is government *of* and *for*, rather than *by*, the people. It embodies as little democracy as possible.

No Bill of Rights

This is the kind of Constitution which would have pleased Alexander Hamilton, who thought the people "a great beast" and believed in rule by the select few. It contains no Bill of Rights, though the Preamble says "The French people solemnly proclaims its attachment to the rights of man . . . as defined by the Declaration of 1789." The Constitution itself spells out no rights other than to assure by Article 2 "equality before the law of all citizens without distinction of origin, race, or religion" and by Article 66 that "No one may be arbitrarily detained."

The circumstances in which this Constitution was drafted explain its nature. In France the home of the great Revolution, the careless, indifferent and apathetic heirs of the Jacobins allowed the basic charter of their government to be written by a few obscure experts and handed them on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. A people which shows so little interest in governing itself has been handed a new Constitution in which it will have as little power of self-government as it seems to want. And it will vote "yes" or "no" under the threat that the alternative will be military dictatorship. The Constitution, like de Gaulle himself, reflects the power of the professional soldiers; France, in this respect, has degenerated to the politics of Latin American or Arab republics.

But France is not the only advanced Western country today in which an apathetic citizenry shrugs off its responsibilities, hoping mystically that some elderly veteran of the last war can get them safely through the treacherous eddies of a world in convulsive change.

This Issue Went to Press Before the Little Rock Case Was Argued—Next Week for A Full Report

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I. F. Stone's Weekly

5618 Nebraska Ave., N. W.

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NEWSPAPER

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter Washington, D. C. Post Office

I. F. Stone's Weekly. Entered as Second Class Matter at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Post-dated Mondays but published every Thursday except the last two Thursdays of August and December at 5618 Nebraska Ave., N. W., Washington 15, D. C. An independent weekly published and edited by I. F. Stone; Circulation Manager, Esther M. Stone. Subscription: $5 in the U. S.; $6 in Canada; $10 elsewhere. Air Mail rates: $15 to Europe; $20 to Israel, Asia and Africa.

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